Baſſ. I thank you Madam, give welcome to my friend.
This is the man, this is *Anthonio*,
To whom I am ſo infinitely bound.
Por. You ſhould in all ſenſe be much bound to him,
For as I heare he was much bound for you.
Anth. No more then I am well acquitted of.
Por. Sir, you are very welcome to our houſe:
It muſt appeare in other wayes then words,
Therefore I ſcant this breathing courteſie.
Grat. By yonder moone I ſweare you do me wrong,
Infaith I gave it to the Iudges Clarke,
Would he were gelt that had it for my part,
Since you do take it Love ſo much at heart.
Por. A quarrell hoe already, what's the matter?
Grat. About a hoope of gold, a paltry Ring
That ſhe did give me, whoſe poſie was,
For all the world like Cutlers Poetry
Upon a knife, *Love me, and leave me not.*
Ner. What talke you of the poſie or the value:
You ſwore to me when I did give it you,
That you would weare it till your houre of death,
And that it ſhould lie with you in your grave.
Though not for me, yet for your vehement oathes,
You ſhould have been reſpective, and have kept it,
Gave it a Judges Clarke: no god's my judge,
The Clarke will nere weare haire on's face that had it.
Grat. He will, and if he live to be a man.
Nerriſſa. I, if a woman live to be a man.
Grat. Now by this hand I gave it to a youth,
A kind of boy, a little ſcrubbed boy,
No higher then thy ſelfe, the Judges Clarke,
A prating boy that begg'd it as a fee,
I could not for my heart deny it him.
Por. You were to blame, I muſt be plain with you,
To part ſo ſlightly with your wives firſt gift,
A thing ſtuck on with oathes upon your finger,
And ſo riveted with faith unto your fleſh.
I gave my Love a Ring, and made him ſweare

Never to part with it; and here he ſtan
I dare be ſworne for him he would no
Nor pluck it from his finger, for the w
That the world Maſters. Now in fait
You give your wife too unkind a cauſ
And 'twere to me I ſhould be mad at
Baſſ. Why I were beſt to cut my l
And ſweare I loſt the Ring defending
Grat. My Lord *Baſſanio* gave his R
Unto the Judge that begg'd it, and ind
Deſerv'd it to: and then the boy his C
That tooke ſome pains in writing, he
And neither man nor maſter would ta
But the two Rings.
Por. What Ring gave you my Lor
Not that I hope which you receiv'd o
Baſſ. If I could adde a lie unto a fau
I would deny it: but you ſee my finge
Hath not the Ring upon it, it is gone.
Por. Even ſo voyd is your falſe hear
By heaven I will nere come in your be
Untill I ſee the Ring?
Ner. Nor I in yours
Till I againe ſee mine.
Baſſ. Sweet *Portia*,
If you did know to whom I gave the
If you did know for whom I gave th
And would conceive for what I gave
And how unwillingly I left the Ring
When naught would be accepted but
You would abate the ſtrength of you
Por. If you had knowne the vertu
Or halfe her worthineſſe that gave th
Or your own honour to containe the
You would not then have parted wit
What man is there ſo much unreaſon
If you had pleaſd to have defended i
With any termes of zeale, wanted t

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